TO LADY
SARAH BUNBURY,
IN IMITATION
OF LYDIA DIC PER OMNES

Written at Naples 1767.

1.

SAlly, Sally, don't deny,
But for God's ſake tell me why
You have flirted ſo to ſpoil
That once lively Youth Carliſle?
He uſed to riſe while it was dark,
Now he lies in bed till noon,
And you not meeting in the park
Thinks that he got up too ſoon.

2.

Manly exercice, and ſport,
Hunting, and the Tenniſcourt,

And Ridinghouſe no more divert;
Newmarket does, for there yon flirt.
But why does he no longer dream
Of Tyber, and the Latian shore?
Of his friend Charles's fav' rite ſcheme?
Or waking thinks no more?

3.

Why does he dislike an Inn?
Hate Poſtchaiſes? and begin
To think 'twill be enough to know
The way from Almack's to Soho?
Achilles thus kept out of ſight
For a long time, but this dear Boy,
If, Sally, you and I gueſs right,
Will never get to Troy.